

# COLMAN'S RURAL WORLD

1849. **AND VALLEY FARMER.** 1865.

NORMAN J. COLMAN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BENJ. BRYAN, PUBLISHER AND PRINTER.

VOL. XVII.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JUNE 15, 1865.

NO. 12.

## AGRICULTURE.

### CONTRADICTIONS IN FARMING.

The farmer will sometimes see results in farming that are wholly unexpected—sometimes in favor, but generally against him. This shows that farming, as a science, is not yet fully understood. The farmer sees unusual results. The secret is hidden from his view. Could he have seen the thing as it is, he would have avoided the mishap. Thus, sometimes, a good soil will produce a poor crop. What is it? Many things are named as the cause. "It was worked to wet," says one; "the seed was poor," says another; "the soil is exhausted," says the third—and so on. As like as not, all have missed it. Had a farmer come along who understands agriculture, he might have pointed out the difficulty—not a farmer read in the lore of agriculture—but a practical informed farmer. After having all the circumstances of the case presented to him, the great probability is, he would have hit upon the cause. If not he, who else?

Now these unexpected results—these failures—are a thing of frequent occurrence, even if the same treatment is given, showing there is some other cause from the common course of farming. It is the business of the farmer to find out this cause—to know it beforehand, so as to avoid its effects. Then there will be uniformity in his crops: not absolutely, for circumstances of climate and weather have their effect, and we cannot always guard against these, fully and successfully. Hence, the best farmers—the most knowing, have the best crops; the poorest farmers, the poorest. How a good farmer will, in a few years, transform an almost worthless piece of land into a profitable one!—a barren waste into a green field. We have seen it done frequently. How was it done? By knowing how.

Now, it will not be held here that farming is in its perfect state: it is very far from it. But a great progress has been made, sufficient to counteract great failures, unless the elements are unpropitious. A hail-storm will destroy a crop, and all the expedients cannot prevent it. So death cannot be avoided: accidents will happen. But a lack of knowledge to conduct the operations of the farm—that, is a different thing—that, concerns the man. If he plows carelessly, he may expect a careless crop. And if he is accustomed to it, was brought up to it—why, he will see bad results without being able to account for it. If he works his clay soil wet, he fails, and so decidedly that he opens wide his eyes in astonishment—lays it perhaps to the vermin, when he was the "varmint."

The whole secret against bad crops is, *knowing how*. And, there is no getting away from it. You may squirm, and pout, and disbelieve as much as you please: the truth stands there against you—and it will stand till you change your prejudices for information. As your knowledge increases, so will your success. Even this you will not believe. But, by and by you

will come in—you will have to. The light will be so strong that you cannot avoid it. Then you must quit, or go on, improve.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

### COWS AS MILKERS.

There is no place in the world, perhaps, where dairying is so successfully practiced as in Herkimer Co., York State, especially in some of the towns north of the Mohawk. We are perfectly cognizant of these facts, having familiarized ourselves with them for many years.

Among the dairymen here, it is well understood that in-and-in breeding is best—this is an established fact. The practice of buying stock is discontinued. Strange cattle are found to be breachy, and poor milkers. A good milker is not sold: only the poor are disposed of. Hence, dairymen raise their own calves. A calf raised on the farm is domesticated; is at home; and it does better in consequence. This is one point, generally overlooked. By raising your own cows, you can cultivate the qualities of good milking. But the most is, selecting the best stock, and breeding from that. Do not cross; keep your family stock pure. Let your bull be two years old; and let your heifer be in at about the same age: that is, it should be well enough kept to be a cow—in size and strength—at that age. Early milkers will give the more milk from the habit of early milking.

The best breed, it is conceded, is the Ayrshire, especially for milk and cheese. For butter—for richness of milk and cream—the little Alderneys are superior. The Devons, and even the Short Horns, are excellent for a single cow, or where but few are kept, as by thorough treatment they may be made to give more butter and milk, especially butter, than perhaps any other breeds. But the Ayrshire is generally admitted to be the best for a dairy, more particularly a cheese dairy. Keep the blood pure, and breed no other. If there is a good native stock, or a mixture that has proved good, cultivate it. It can be improved. Care must be taken in these matters; and do not think, when you have a good cow, that any bull—as is so often the case—will do: for this is pretty sure to disappoint you. Get a bull of the same breed, young and healthy. It matters not if the cow is old; ten, twelve years, is as good as any, and fifteen will do. We know notable examples of the latter age.

For milch cows, different treatment is required than for beef. The feed must be regular, and of the same kind of food. Clover hay is generally preferable to all other hays. A little meal (oatmeal is excellent) added, is sufficient. This will keep a cow in thriving condition, and favor a good flow of milk. But the cow must have good treatment. At the first approach of bad weather, she must be stalled, and kept there, tied. There must be clean stables and good air.

Cows should be milked ten or eleven months. They should not fall below 400 lbs. of cheese a year. Some dairies average as high as 700, and even 800 lbs.; 300 and under, is considered a failure.

Small cows, in a dairy, are, in general, con-

sidered better than large—unless they are quite small, like the Jersey. Good cows (for milk) are almost always thin-boned, especially the legs and tail. A thin neck is another good point. A quiet, good-natured disposition, is another excellent quality in a cow. Exercise hurts a milk cow. DAIRYMAN.

### LIQUID MANURE.

Use it. Use it, by all means. Give it a trial—even if there is a little trouble in it. The best liquid manure is that made of night-soil—or, it is one of the best, and always at hand in some quantity or other. In applying liquid manure, you have the benefit—at once. This is what you want. In a great many cases, it is almost absolutely necessary. It is most excellent for your garden (as you have already been told) when you have neglected to manure it, or when it is not sufficiently rich. Simply pour water on night-soil, and apply where wanted. If the ground is black withal, you will see an almost miraculous effect. You need these two things—black surface and liquid manure—for early effect. Any time during the summer, this manure can be applied. It is both moisture and fertility—hence, excellent in a drouth. How the poor, parched plants will look up, when the grateful draught is applied. The soil, however, for liquid manure, should contain more or less sand, else the strength of the application will not penetrate—the top-soil will take it all in.—This will do for grass and top-creeping roots. It wants a little leachiness to let it down to the roots of corn, and root crops generally. And it is so handy to apply. Just mix and apply—and the effect follows you almost as you walk from the field. We have seen and admired often this beautiful effect. It is not so agreeable to do it; but then it is soon done. Not only night-soil, but anything may be taken as a base. The water is only the medium of applying the manure to the plant.

### LETTER FROM PROF. TURNER, OF JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS.

N. J. COLMAN, Esq.—Dear Sir: I used to like your short, terse, explicit and handy *Valley Farmer*, better than any paper that I received at the same cost. It was conveniently folded, easy to handle and read when one was tired. It contained nearly all the important agricultural information, in a small compass, that would ordinarily appear in a much wider space.

I like the *Rural World*; but I have some fears that like many of its expanded rivals, it may at last spread its explicit agricultural information over so much space, that, like the man who spread a single barrow-ful of manure over a ten-acre lot, no one will ever know what became of it—that is the fate of most of our expanded journals in special topics. Indeed, this is so much the case, that I have rather fallen into the habit, when I take up a professedly religious paper, to expect to find every thing else in it but religion; in a specific temperance paper, all else but temperance, and in a wide-spread special agricultural paper, all else but agriculture: so much so is that the case, that a religious paper quite tends to set me to fight-

ing; an army paper, to praying, and an agricultural paper, to preaching—so, here goes off a sermon for you.

I trust that I am not so stupid as not to perceive the laws and necessities that surround this state of things, and that I should be compelled as a journalist to do just the same thing myself were I an editor. The only remedy that I can see to be possible in the nature of things, is, for those who widen their space, to proportionally widen their view of the special topic on hand—or, in other words, as you increase your field, to increase the kinds, qualities and amount of your special manures. I am surprised, in this view of the case, that our editors, who widen their space, do not at once widen their view, so as to take in, in all its length, and height and depth, the great subject of a proper agricultural and industrial education for the people, especially as our Congress grant now gives them such a fine opportunity to do so; and other institutions are constantly throwing materials of thought and of use in their way.

If our agricultural papers would at once take under their peculiar patronage and power, the whole subject of a proper rural education, from the A B C school up to the university, they would find an exhaustless theme well worthy of their power and wholly kindred to their general aims. Especially at this time they ought to give us a leader in every number on this important theme: the people are expecting it, and at least well prepared for it in all those States that have accepted the Congress Agricultural Grant. They need it, too—Can you not give it to them?

I have spoken to the Faculty of our College, here, to send you their recent circular, to give you a sort of lead in this direction; as I fancy that they have made some very important advances in it, toward a proper education of the industrial classes. I believe you will think so too, if you will take time to examine into it; and that a series of editorials on the principles involved in the change, will do good to your paper—to all its readers, and to the great cause of agriculture, which you so much love.

### TREATMENT OF YOUNG STOCK.

We treat, but not with discretion. Lambs, properly treated, will make better sheep, just as sheep themselves improve (in wool and mutton) by good treatment. With calves it is still more so. Too much sweet milk can be given a calf during the summer—not for the calf's good, but for the future cow's. A calf, like a lamb, should be kept in good, healthy, growing condition. Good, tender pasture, with a little milk (sour, or sour and sweet,) a little meal of some kind added, daily, will be sufficient. More, will fatten—and this is not good; a calf is to grow, not to fatten. More particularly is this the case with a colt. Grass, pure pasture, is good; but a little meal (ground oats are the best) and cut Timothy, will aid, not to produce fat, but to make muscle. Timothy and oats are muscle makers—just what horses, as well as colts, calves, and lambs (out of which sheep are to be made) want.



## IMPROVE YOUR STOCK.

The interest manifested in stock—in the best breeds—is a gratifying symptom of the times; and the West is among the number that is awake on the subject. Cattle must be had; and now, while we are at it, let us see that we have the best, the most profitable kinds, both in sheep and in neat cattle, as well as in horses. And will any one deny that there is much in the fattening properties of hogs? Have not all our farmers tried that? So it is in poultry. So it is in grain even. And in what is not this the case? We are so negligent! so apt to let things go at hap-hazard. With a little trouble this thing may be remedied. There are always some men in each State, and in almost every community, who have improved farm stock of some kind or another. Through these men much can be done. All a man needs to do is to bestir himself. Not that he is to buy always high-priced cattle, that cost him perhaps a farm. This will do for the well-to-do farmers. But he can secure the blood; he can propagate the kind; and that is what is the business of our farmers to do.

At present, all that is necessary, is to improve, without being over particular about the kind, so that it is an improvement—and almost any change will be for the better. Our old stock is about as bad as it can be—not necessarily in every particular. Our common stock turns out good milkers: at least this is the case frequently. Our common stock of sheep has probably not even one good thing to recommend it; so with the rough, wild hogs of our old farmers. This article is intended to direct attention, rather than to point out any particular breeds—a thing that has so often been done, that no one is at a loss to decide. The papers are full of the various kinds of stock: all qualities are represented.

## TALKING WHEN MILKING.

We have seen it noticed somewhere, that talking while milking is not good—that a cow will give less milk, &c. We think we can say we have had experience in this way. It comes under the head of quick milking. A fast milker is better than a slow. Talking is very apt to retard milking; not only that—a skittish cow will be uneasy where too much ado is, where another person is present, especially a stranger. We think we have seen a decrease of milk where a talking person was present. We prefer milking alone, and as fast as possible. Quietude and contentment are great qualities in a cow. A wild cow is not generally a good one. If she is, she will be much better when tamed and domesticated.

## HOW TO CURE HAMS.

Permit me to give you a recipe that will not only save a ham through the whole year, but will be fit to either boil or fry.

For such sized hams as can be cut from hogs weighing 250 lbs. average, I take 1 oz. saltpetre, 1 oz. saleratus, half-pint molasses, and a large handful fine salt to each ham and shoulder. Mix all together in a tub or half barrel. Then, with a small cloth, rub each piece and place in a cask. Do this twice each day for 3 weeks, and they are ready to smoke. For larger hams increase in proportion.

Smoking is another process requiring some care. Be careful not to smoke too much. Hams want to be dried as well as smoked. I would recommend a little smoke each day for 2 weeks, and then take down, roll in Union newspapers, put them in bags, and hang them in an upper room, and you can then have good hams the year round. This is much better than packing in brine, as they will always be too salt. [Country Gentleman.]

**WHAT MAKES A BUSHEL.**—The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest to our readers:

Wheat, 60 pounds.  
Corn, shelled, 56 pounds.  
Corn, on the cob, 70 pounds.  
Rye, 56 pounds.  
Oats, 36 pounds.  
Barley, 46 pounds.  
Buckwheat, 56 pounds.  
Irish potatoes, 60 pounds.  
Sweet potatoes, 50 pounds.  
Onions, 57 pounds.  
Beans, 60 pounds.  
Bran, 20 pounds.  
Clover seed, 60 pounds.  
Timothy seed, 45 pounds.  
Hemp seed, 45 pounds.  
Blue grass seed, 14 pounds.  
Dried peaches, 33 pounds.

## LUCK IN FARMING.

Who are the lucky men? They that see to their luck—see that they get it. The man who puts reliance upon his luck, is a simpleton: he is sure to fail. Now, the lucky men are those who look ahead, and make calculations on success. They have the best sheep in the neighborhood. Their trees and fences are not hung with dead lambs in the spring. Their whole stock, somehow, seems better than their neighbor's. Have they better breeds? Yes. Do they see to them better? Yes. Are they industrious, careful about their things? Yes—and neat and thrifty, all about them. The very air of the place has such a look. This is luck—and the only luck.

On the other hand, the reckless man, has he any luck? All "unlucky."

Now, many people in this world are lazy—and among them are many farmers. Is it necessary here to say what a lazy farmer is? No. You have but to look at the premises—they tell you. How many such farms can be picked out as we travel through the country! This is an eye-sore; and is it not a disgrace of the worst kind? Nothing, more humiliates a good farmer. What! a farmer lazy—letting the earth go to rack? when his calling is the most important in the world. Here is an evil to be cured—but how will you cure it? Not by reforming the man—for a lazy man will remain lazy. If you get him out of his tracks, he will be sure to settle down again. The only reformation is, to remove the incubance: and that is being done as the science of farming advances. Then, there will be luck in farming.

**REMEDY FOR BLOAT IN CATTLE.**—The term bloat, signifies a gaseous distension of the stomach and bowels; it is occasioned by the evolution of gas from food in a state of fermentation, which results from an impaired state of the digestive functions. The best remedy for the same is as follows: Dissolve in a quart of warm water, about two ounces of hypo-sulphite of soda; then add two ounces of fluid extract of ginger, and drench the animal with the same; give enemas of soap-suds about every twenty minutes, or until the animal passes flatus from the rectum, when immediate relief is the result. Every farmer should keep a supply of the hypo-sulphite of soda on hand; it is a valuable medicine for flatulency or windy distension in all its forms, and combined with a small quantity of ginger and golden seal, it makes an efficient remedy for colic, occurring in horses.

**SALT IN FATTENING SWINE.**—A correspondent states some interesting experiments to test the use of salt in fattening swine. He selected two pairs of barrow hogs, weighing 200 pounds apiece. One pair received, with their daily allowance of food, two ounces of salt; the other pair, similarly fed, none. In the course of a week, it was easily seen that the salted pair had a much stronger appetite than the others, and after a fortnight it was increased to two ounces a piece. After four months, the weight of the salted hogs was 350 lbs. each, while that of the unsalted, five weeks later, reached only 300 pounds. The experiment was repeated with almost precisely the same results. The correspondent feeds young pigs according to their age, a quarter of an ounce daily; breeding sows very little during pregnancy, and during the heat of summer withholds it in a degree from all, as it induces thirst and a liability to disease.

**SUMMER SHELTER FOR SHEEP.**—Solomon Green, of Townsend, Mass., who says he has kept sheep thirty years, advises to have small buildings erected in sheep pastures, and that they should be dark, so that the sheep by going into them may avoid the flies. He says that the sheep will go in at eight o'clock in the forenoon, and remain till 4 o'clock in the afternoon. "The house," he says, "should be built on runners, so that it can be moved, and this will enrich the land. A house 12 feet square is sufficient to hold a dozen sheep and their lambs. Move it its length once in two or three weeks." He sends the following, which he says is a "sure cure for grub in the head and belly of sheep." For six sheep, mix two quarts of oats with a large teaspoonful of yellow snuff, and give to the sheep once a week for a few weeks, and then once a month.

**A SECRET FOR A FARMER'S WIFE.**—While the milking of your cows is going on, let your pans be placed on a kettle of boiling water. Turn the milk into one of the pans taken from the kettle of boiling water, and cover the same with another of the hot pans, and proceed in the same manner with the whole mass of milk, and you will find that you have double the quantity of sweet and delicious butter.

## ILLINOIS COLLEGE.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers, the following circular, issued by the President of the Illinois College. It will be seen that this College inaugurates a new system, and we are glad to know that it is meeting with great success.

## CIRCULAR.

The friends of Illinois College have occasion to rejoice in the prosperity which it has enjoyed during the year now closing. Although the necessities of our country have again made large demands for the services of its young men, the number of students has been largely increased, and has fallen very little short of the numbers in the years of its greatest prosperity before the war.

The year is divided into three terms, viz:—the FALL term, beginning on the 2d Thursday of September and ending on the 24th day of December; the WINTER term, beginning on the 2d day of January and ending on the second Thursday of April; and the OPTIONAL term, beginning on the 2d Thursday of April and ending on the first Thursday of June.

All the studies necessary to graduation may be pursued during the Fall and Winter Terms, and students who desire for any reason to be absent during the Optional term, will not thereby experience any interruption in their regular course.

During the Optional term students may 1. Review any of the studies of the regular course, with a view to greater thoroughness; or, 2. Advance in the regular course, with a view to completing their studies in a shorter time; or, 3. Devote themselves to such studies not requisite to graduation as they may desire.

**Examinations.**—No certificate of scholarship in any department of knowledge is given, except as the result of a thorough examination.

2. Any person who chooses may present himself for examination upon any study of the course, regardless of the time during which he has been connected with the college.

3. A successful examination is final as to the topic embraced in it.

It will be seen that this new arrangement of the college system aims:

1. To render the system more flexible.

Without any tendency to lower the standard of the accepted American College curriculum, but rather the contrary, a relaxation of the rigor of the class system opens the advantages of the Institution in every department, to every one who is competent to avail himself of them, without regard to his attainments or deficiencies in other departments.

2. To secure the utmost thoroughness in each department.

The student is permitted, for example, to study Algebra until he has mastered it, whether it take him one or five terms.

3. To recognize and regard the differences in different minds as to natural quickness, and as to previous discipline.

Under this system, the usual curriculum may be completed by some in less than four years, while others may require five or six years. We do not compel these two classes of minds to the same rate of progress. The quick are not retarded, the slow are not dragged forward faster than they can go thoroughly.

4. To meet the wants of the agricultural community.

The sons of farmers may complete the usual course of liberal study, and yet have their hands free for the labors of the farm when there is greatest demand for such labor. Young men in indigent circumstances may earn enough by their own labor during the spring and summer, to support themselves the rest of the year in pursuing their studies.

The experience of the year now closing, is a demonstration of the superiority of this new system. The vindication of its wisdom, is its complete success in securing the ends named above.

Sons of soldiers who lost their lives or were disabled from labor, while in the military service of the country during the late war for the preservation of the Federal Union, will be received to all the privileges of the Institution without charge.

**A New Feature.**—For the accommodation of pupils who are so young as to need the direct superintendence of a teacher while pursuing their studies, arrangements will be made at the opening of the next term, to accommodate those whose guardians desire it, with desks, where they may be under the care of a teacher for six hours in each day.

The trustees invoke the good offices of the friends of the college, and especially of the loyal newspaper press, in calling attention to this annual announcement.

For any additional information, apply to any of the Professors, or to J. M. STURTEVANT, Jacksonville, Ill., May 31, 1865.

**QUALITIES OF A GOOD WORKING OX.**—Let him have large nostrils, a long face, a bright hazel eye; which will indicate docility and intelligence; a hoof rather long and not turned outward very much, a straight back, a broad breast, wide gambrel, small tail, and horns of medium size. When you find such an ox as that, he will be a good worker.

## Poultry Yard.

## POULTRY AS EGG PRODUCERS.

Many persons keep poultry almost exclusively for the sake of their eggs, and the question which naturally presents itself to their minds, is, What variety of poultry will yield the greatest value in eggs in return for the feed they consume?

Like many other questions, this does not admit of a straightforward answer. Before it can be answered, other questions must be asked.

Are you particular as to the size of your eggs? Do you especially want a good supply in winter? Have you an unlimited range for your fowls, or are they in a place more or less confined?

If the mere weight and number of eggs is taken into consideration, we believe that no fowls will give so good a return for their food, as Gold and Silver Spangled. The pullets of these breeds will, if well fed, and with a free range, commence laying at about six months of age, and will continue to lay ten or eleven eggs a fortnight until next moulting season. After the second season, they will lay admirably, but not quite so freely. We are certain that no fowls will give so many eggs for their food as these beautiful birds—and for choice as layers we would select the Silvers. There is no doubt but that five pullets of this breed may be depended on for supplying over 1,000 eggs in twelve months. But they have their drawbacks—they are innocent of all knowledge of bounds, and fly like wild fowl, as might be inferred from their laying propensities, do not sit, and their eggs are slightly below the average size of those of larger fowls.

If eggs of large size are required, and the fowls have to be kept in or near large towns, none answer better than the Spanish. In the numbers of eggs they yield, they fall short of the Spangles, but still they are very superior layers. They do not as a rule, arrive at maturity quite so early, and their laying is interfered with by their prolonged moult in the autumn.

When a supply of new-laid eggs is required in the winter, irrespective of temperature, Cochins, Bluffs, White or Partridge or Brahmas are the most to be depended on, as when they have attained an age of seven or eight months, the pullets of these breeds lay quite irrespective of season, of course presuming they are well fed. They have the advantage of not requiring a very large space, and of being easily confined by low fences; but, for their size, they are necessarily large eaters, and in spite of all the nonsense written about them on their first introduction, they do not lay two eggs in one day; and unlike Spanish and the Spangled Hamburgs, their laying propensities are very much interfered with by their tendency to become broody.

If eggs, and eggs alone, are the object with which fowls are kept, we would say, keep Hamburg or Spanish, and every autumn buy a few small-sized Cochins pullets; these will answer a two-fold purpose; they will lay in the most intense frost, and when broody will hatch out your pure bred eggs. From their buff color, the eggs of the Cochins will at once be distinguished from those of other fowls, and no chance of rearing half-bred mongrels will ensue. None of these varieties will furnish first-class poultry. The Spanish is too long in the leg; the Hamburgs, though plump, are too small; and the Cochins are too yellow in the skin and too little developed in the breast. [London Field.]

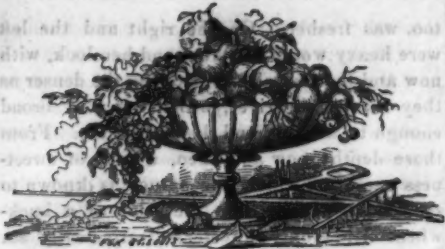
## Renewal of Subscriptions.

Our readers will recollect that the change from the Monthly VALLEY FARMER to the Semi-Monthly RURAL WORLD, was made suddenly.

Most of our subscribers remitted only \$1—the price of the Monthly. They did not know of the change we had made.

We hope they have been pleased with our new Journal, and that they will want a continuation of its visits. They can remit singly or form clubs—either for six months or for one year, as they see proper. Our club terms are: 1 copy one year, \$3.00; or 4 copies six months \$3. Will not every subscriber endeavor to form a club for the balance of the year at least.





## HORTICULTURAL.

We publish the following circular, that our grape growers may know what is going on:

### MILDEW ON THE GRAPE VINE.

BY HORTICOLA.

"The readers of the *Horticulturist* will remember our article on grape-vine mildew, furnished in the June number, 1864, of this magazine. We gave it in a detailed description, based on a most interesting letter from Mr. L. A. Neubert, of Leipzig, of the application of flour of sulphur, and announced that another article was to follow, containing a description of the instruments. That announcement was stricken out by the then editor of the *Horticulturist*. In order to be intelligible, we repeat here, briefly, the treatment of the vines:

I. Treatment of the vines before the leaves appear.

They must be thoroughly syringed, also, the walls, posts, trellises, &c., with the following mixture: Dissolve, 8½ ounces of common salt, and 4 ounces of saltpetre, in 36 ounces (1 quart and ½ pint) of water, adding 10 drops of Oleum Anthos (essence of rosemary), and 10 drops of Oleum Lavedulae (essence of Lavender), shaking the mixture thoroughly before using it. Add one part of it to 100-120 parts of water.

II. Treatment of the vines when they are in leaf.

Sprinkle them thoroughly with flour of sulphur.

1. As soon as the leaves appear. This first sulphuration is the most important of all. Mr. Neubert says in a letter to us, received in Oct. last, that it has more effect than all the others combined.

2. As soon as they are in blossom.

3. As soon as the berries are of the size of peas.

4. As soon as they commence coloring. We succeeded with the utmost difficulty to construct a bellows similar to that described in Dubreuil's writings. It is, however, a very clumsy, imperfect affair; yet it did the work well enough. We premise that a great many of the foreign kinds we are cultivating, were, in the fall of 1863, so much enfeebled by the effects of the mildew, that we considered their destruction during the following summer as inevitable and certain. We carried out Mr. Neubert's directions to the letter, applying an extra sulphuration occasionally to some plants and even single leaves that needed it.

The results were astonishing in the highest degree. There was not a trace of mildew to be found on any of my vines during the last summer and fall, except on a Riesling, and on some canes of my Delawares, about which I shall speak presently. My foreign kinds not only recovered, but made canes from 25 to 40 feet long, and as thick as my thumb.

The Riesling mentioned in the above had been overlooked; and when my attention once was attracted to it by the sickly appearance of the plant, we did not think it could live—While the other vines had made canes from 8 to 10 feet long, the shoots of the Riesling were not more than as many inches long; the leaves (of the size of a cent) were white with mildew. We immediately dusted it with sulphur. Instead of dying, it made a new shoot, which was 19 feet long when we laid it down in November last.

The Delawares had been sprinkled but slightly. The ends of their canes were tied horizontally, seven feet above the ground, to a cord stretched between the posts, and had not been sprinkled at all. The vines below, although but slightly sprinkled, did not show any mildew; the ends of the canes tied horizontally mildewed very badly, so that the leaves dropped prematurely.

The Riesling, as well as the Delawares, show conclusively the value of systematic sulphuration. We are confident that we shall be able to eradicate the mildew this season entirely. We risk nothing in asserting that we shall have an abundant crop of grapes from our foreign kinds, which would be dead by this time without sulphuration.

The readers of the *Horticulturist*, we trust, know that we are never ashamed to appear as learners before the public, and that we always state frankly the whole truth. There are, however, a number of competent witnesses, of whom we may be permitted to mention two. The one is, Peter B. Mead, consulting horticulturist, and late editor of the *Horticulturist*. He watched the progress of our operations with intense interest, visiting our collection of vines a number of times during the past summer. He once said: Even if you did not wish to refer to me as a witness, I should consider it a

sacred duty to make the results of your operations known. They surpass all my expectations, for I did not believe I should ever see vines in so beautiful a condition as yours are." The other is, C. P. Schmidt, of Palisades, New York. We invited him to examine our vines; he came, after a conversation with Mr. Mead, in which Mr. Mead expressed himself as he had done towards us personally. He told us his expectations had been very high, but they were very much surpassed by what he saw. Mr. Schmidt is a gentleman of large experience in the culture of the vine.

The effect of sulphur on thrips, is also very remarkable. We called Mr. Mead's attention to the fact that we had scarcely any thrips on our vines. This took place toward the end of July. The vines remained free from thrips; they yielded to the power of sulphur.

The instruments are very simple and convenient. Before De la Vergne's bellows was invented, that with a box attached to it and with a straight tube was used. It is the same that most nurserymen use for fumigation, for which it is very convenient. But, for sulphuration, it is now entirely superseded by De la Vergne's bellows. The sulphur contained in the first is so distant from the hands which hold the instrument that, by the long lever, its weight is very much increased. Its use is very fatiguing. In the second place, the tube is straight, therefore it is difficult to reach the underside of the leaves. Dubreuil has already shown these imperfections. Besides, it is not very cheap. Last spring, we saw one in John Street, for which \$3.50 were asked.

De la Vergne's bellows has no valve, and a curved tube which is closed by a piece of fine wire cloth, which divides the sulphur so finely that it is thrown on the vines in the form of dust. The sulphur being put in the bellows itself, does not fatigue the hands, and the curved tube enables the operator to reach the underside of the leaves as easily as any other part of the vine. It is the instrument which is now exclusively used in France; it is the instrument to which Mr. Neubert owed his success, and which wrought such a change on our own vines. As it is, without any machinery whatever, even without a valve, the air passing in and out of the tube, it cannot get out of repair. It does the work so rapidly, that we sulphurate about 500 vines thoroughly in three-quarters of an hour. It requires but very little sulphur, but 15 pounds having been applied to 500 vines during the past summer."

### CLARIFYING WINE.

After grape must has undergone its first great fermentation, and is barrelled and stored away, a second or slow fermentation usually takes place, and is allowed to continue up to a certain point, which differs for different wines. As long as a particle of sugar remains, and a particle of vegetable, fermentive matter, the secondary or slow fermentation may, under favoring circumstances, take place. To whatever extent it may have gone, the resulting wine is turbid, because of opaque vegetable matter left floating in the condition of minuteshreds. This vegetable matter may deposit if sufficient time be given, or it may not, the result being dependent upon the nature of the wine. If it deposit naturally, the addition of finings may be dispensed with, racking into another cask sufficing to achieve the desired object; if otherwise, some sort of finings must be used for this purpose, from time to time, such as white of egg, milk, gelatine, isinglass, &c. Whatever the clarifying material used in any particular case, the deposit should be allowed time to settle and the clear wine racked off.

### TO MAKE GOOD CIDER.

The apples should be ripe and sound. Don't press the cheese until the cider runs clear.—After filling the barrels, remove them immediately to a cool cellar—let them stand with the bung open until the sediment begins to go down; then close them, and pretty soon after give it the first racking. About three rackings will remove all the sediment. Bottle before the weather becomes warm enough for the trees to put out; fill the bottles one-half inch from the corks; let them stand twenty-four hours after filling; then take a bowl of boiling water, dip the end of cork to go in the bottle, in the water; hold the bottle in the left hand by the neck and drive the cork in with a piece of fence lath. The bottles are then buried in the sand in the cellar. By this process, our best Jersey apples will make cider that has often been drunk by epicures for Champagne wine, and will not change for years, only seeming to get more body. Let no water be used on the straw. In packing away, keep the corks up.—[*Cor. Co. Gent.*]

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

### JUNE.

Beautiful June, with all her train of floral gems, has once more made her annual round, gladdening her votaries with most brilliant displays of flowers; leaving them

"Scattered unrestrained and free,

O'er hill and dale and woodland sod,"

As she gently bids her train move on.

Verdant, leafy June! The poets love to sing thy praises. From the most antique ages thou hast been an especial favorite. The botanist, with scientific rapture, hails thy return. Thy blossoms and plants are to him a world of joy and pleasure. The naturalist, too, in thy attendant choristers, the birds, finds familiar objects of study or pastime.

Pretty June! who cannot love thee? who cannot be delighted with your bright, blue skies, your glorious sunsets, your dewy morns? What heart so cold to beauty, that cannot drink in all the loveliness displayed in every flower?

But happy are we to know that hundreds of the readers of the *Rural World* appreciate the beauty and freshness of the first summer month—whose hearts swell with great and true emotions, to behold this season once more.

June, Flora and Pomona—what a beautiful trio, lovely sisters—going hand in hand, scattering their precious and choicest gifts to the sons and daughters of man.

"Bright gems of earth, in which perchance we see What Eden was, what Paradise may be."

June, mistress of the lawn—the trees and foliage, and every green and verdant herb—is now busy developing with her showers and dews, Flora's pets—making bright the fields, the meadows and gardens, with rich and rare gems—studding the lawns and door-yards of the rich and humble, with roses, carnations and pæonias.

How pleasant to linger around the sweet associations connected with the flowers. How we love to breathe the balmy, fragrant air, rose-scented and filled with perfumes of a thousand blossoms.

Pomona, too, makes her appearance, now.—The rich and luscious strawberry, the lowly, the humblest, the sweetest fruit of all the plain, is ushered in with tell-tale fragrance, giving visions of platesful, rich and creamy, even to the most fastidious taste. Strawberries and cherries usher in the happy train of Pomona's annual visit, thenceforward to garland all the year with crimson and gold.

We love thee, June! We love to sing thy praises! Enchantment is on every hill—beauty o'er all the plains, and, like the song of thy birds, merry are our hearts. We shall not cease to look for and hail thy annual round with joy and pleasure. A. D., Weston, Mo.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

### RURAL CEMETERIES.

NUMBER II.

There is in the human mind a principle of veneration which is not exerted on a Supreme Being alone, but finds objects for its exercise in parents, relatives, social intimates, patriots, and those of distinguished worth. To study their excellencies, to meditate on their virtues, is productive of pleasure and ennobles the soul of the contemplator. Love becomes a powerful auxiliary, stimulating to imitative action, and the manifestation of these sentiments becomes at once a pleasure and a duty.

How early in the history of our race these feelings were displayed in the employment of funeral honors, we cannot tell. The first death recorded in sacred writ, seems to have come with such stunning effect as to make the fact of the death the primary object of the recital, so that the disposition made of the body is allowed to remain in the shade. The recent expulsion of the first pair from Paradise; the new duties incident to their changed relations; the awful consequences resulting from their transgression brought home to the endearments of their domestic life—have, in themselves, such a fullness of meaning, that little requires to be said on this point; but there can be no doubt that the mortal remains of him in life so loved, would be treasured in death; and, as the fond parents pondered over their loss, they would love to linger near the spot that concealed the lost one from their eager gaze.

The feelings of the ancient Patriarch, on the

occasion of the death of his wife, is beautifully recited, where with such exquisite taste and pathos he says to the children of Heth, give me "the field of Ebron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre; the field and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, and in all the border round about" to be "made sure;" and he paid for its possession "four hundred shekels of silver."

Not less striking is the language of Jacob when he felt the hand of death laid upon him. He says to his sorrowing children, "Bring me to my fathers \* \* \* to the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, where they buried Abraham and Sarah, and Isaac and Rebecca, and where I buried Leah;" and the important part that that Cave and Field has sustained in all the changes of the Hebrew nation down even to our day, can only be suggested.

Do not the Mural relics of Egypt, and Palmyra, and Balbec, and Greece, and Italy, show that the highest resources that art and taste and wealth and power could command, were exhausted to give beauty and magnificence and perpetuity to the dwelling places of the ancient dead?

Have not the unnumbered superstitions that crowded round those consecrated spots, filled the soul of the beholder with awe, and their calm beauties elevated the mind of the poet, till "The Grave" is carved on our minds in immortal verse, and the "Meditations among the Tombs," been written in the sublimest strains that have been perpetuated by human pen?

Do we not revel in the sublimity of the feelings with which we communed with the shades of the departed amid the enrapturing beauties of "La Chaise," the "Necropolis," "Mount Calvary," "Greenwood," "Mount Hope," "Bellefontaine," or "Gettysburg?"

Is there not love, and thought, and taste, and wealth enough, left among us to provide suitable resting-places for those who have gone before; where we can steal for a few moments from the giddy whirl of earth to commune amid those objects that soften, subdue, refine and elevate our nature, instead of being forced to turn our backs upon those bleak, neglected spots that are a disgrace to the remains they conceal and are a blot on the page on which we claim civilization, and a loathing to every feeling of refinement?

Our country churchyards—Where are they? What are they? "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon," but let us promptly consider how we can apply a remedy, so as to pay our tribute of affection to the ashes we mourn.

### WINE RECEIPTS.

**BLACKBERRY WINE.**—To make a wine equal in value to Port, take ripe blackberries or dewberries; press the juice from them; let stand thirty-six hours to ferment, lightly covered; skim off whatever rises to the top; then to every gallon of the juice add one quart of water and three pounds of sugar (brown will do); let it stand in an open vessel for twenty-four hours; skim and strain it, then barrel it; let it stand eight or nine months, when it should be racked off and bottled and corked close—age improves its quality.

**BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.**—To three pounds of ripe blackberries add one pound of white sugar; let them stand twelve hours, then press out the juice and strain it; add one-third of good spirits; to every quart, add one teaspoonful of finely-powdered allspice. It is at once fit for use.—Our native grapes produce the best of wine, which is easily made.

**COMMON GRAPE WINE.**—Take any quantity of sound, ripe grapes; with a common cider press extract the juice; put it into barrels, cover the bung lightly; after fermentation has ceased, cork it; place it in a cellar or house. In twelve months, you will have good wine, which improves by age; let it stand on its lees. —[*Scientific American.*]

**WHITELASH THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF.**—Slake the lime in the usual way. Mix one gill of flour with a little cold water, taking care to beat out all the lumps; then pour on boiling water enough to thicken it to the consistency of common starch when boiled for use. Pour it while hot into a bucket of the slacked lime, and add one pound of whiting. Stir all well together. A little blue water, made by squeezing the indigo bag, or a little pulverized indigo mixed with water, improves it.





### THE TRUE ARISTOCRATS.

Who are the nobles of earth—  
The true aristocrats—  
Who need not bow their heads to lords,  
Nor doff to kings their hats?  
Who are they but the men of toil,  
The mighty and the free,  
Whose hearts and hands subdue the earth,  
And compass all the sea?

Who are they but the Men of Toil,  
Who cleave the forest down,  
And plant amid the wilderness  
The hamlet and the town?  
Who fight the battles, bear the wars,  
And give the world its crown  
Of name, and fame, and history,  
And pomp of old renown!

They claim no gaud of heraldry,  
And scorn the knightly rod;  
Their coats of arms are noble deeds,  
Their peerage is from God!  
They take not from ancestral graves  
The glory of their name,  
But win, as erst their fathers won,  
The laurel wreath of fame!

### ORIGINAL STORY.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

#### Allan Meredith, Business Man.

Allan Meredith walked out one morning; it was the first day of June. It seemed as if he had not been out for several days, so fresh was the air, and so long was the grass, now waving in the wind—a south-west wind that had come up during the night. There was no dew. The sun was bright; but there was much shade—and the great green carpet, and the many leaves, all fluttering, all swayed, but not severely, aided to dim the scene. In the orchard was this especially so. And here Allan Meredith was standing, and gazing. This grass that glistened to the bend of the wind, told him of summer; so did the full leaves of the trees; the absence of bird-songs; and many other things that he noted.

Allan Meredith was tall and strong—the finest specimen of humanity that you meet with. He bared his brow to this fluttering breeze; he scanned the sky; inhaled the last odors of the lilac, two large shrubs of which ornamented the cottage. It was a long time since Allan had been out, engaged in such occupation. He had more weighty things to attend to. But just now he was like a girl in his notice of little things, and these all so pleasant. Everything seemed perfected, finished—he saw nothing that was odious. The sky had indeed forgotten its blue, and was half-blue, half-hazy; but he cared not for this, in the midst of such a scene as surrounded him. The sun was disposed to be red—a thing he had not seen in a long time. It was just coming over the roofs of the buildings, and trying to penetrate, but in vain, the shade of the orchard. The dandelions had all turned to silver—airy heads—and all alike: this was another mark of summer in this northern latitude. The leaves on the maples, transplanted last year, were broad, like palm leaves. The oriole flitting by was a summer sight, so was the advance of the garden and the grain field, and the maize in rows. These were plain things—and Allan Meredith just then delighted in plain things. He let his mind take in the scene as it presented itself. He enjoyed it as he inhaled the scent of the lilac, with which he had been familiar for weeks, as he had had a vase on his table where he wrote. Drudgery of the desk! what an escape was this!

For the first, in years, Allan Meredith enjoyed himself. Not that he had been unhappy. But here was such a fresh scene—so vivid to his mind. "This is Paradise, or the nearest thing to it I have seen lately," said he to himself. "I am too much housed up." And he thought of the next thing in order—a continuance of this, with some one to heighten the enjoyment. "Man must have fellowship," and he cast another glance at the sky; and the scene around him.

He then walked into the stable where Selim, his young Morgan, was waiting his master's pleasure. With dilated eye, he welcomed this master, whom he loved, and would have given his life, if need be, to have served. He stepped back expectantly as his master approached. But, patting him, his master left him. And in a few moments more, the horse and phaeton were at the door, the boy resigning the reins into the strong man's hands.

"This time, no business," was the thought of the man. "Pleasure, idleness," were the words that smote; and Allan Meredith looked around to see if the coast was clear. He was on another track to-day, on a new adventure; and he felt as if he was on a level with other men. He was out of his element; he had somehow forgotten all the beauty of the morning, and was bent on other business. Half a mind he had to turn back and re-stable his horse, which all the while was in the finest mood, prancing music to the season, but not to his master's thoughts. These had not even appreciated the quality before them.

But the nimble feet soon reached their goal—and they stopped. The owner of necessity must also stop; and of necessity (think of it—necessity!) must get out, and, to business. What business was this? It was a new thing, and he was about making his debut before his audience. Here was a knight, worthy of the olden times, absolutely unmatched, the object of devotion of every one—young (thirty), handsome, the strength and support of his community—and yet trembling at the thought of a child, a frail little girl, whom a school-boy would approach with ease. She was a flower; equally frail, equally beautiful—and equally untouched and pure. Allan Meredith knew this. It matters not how he knew it; but this was true of the flower. Allan Meredith had never tried to pluck this flower. But somehow this morning had suggested (perhaps it was the dandelion changed into silver) the thought of a spiritual companionship; and this Eva was the presiding genius for such an occasion, and perhaps for other occasions. She went not into society, or rarely. She was indeed a flower in most of her characteristics. She was therefore most probably suggested. What an addition she would make to the scene—filled with it, a part of it, and a part of him too, who also loved the scene, and loved his kind, and just now (or this morning) curiously craved companionship. Perhaps his room was tiresome—a little desolate in such weather; perhaps something else. One thing is certain—this had never been so before. And now Allan Meredith was stooping to this—seeing it out to the end—for he never looked back from the plow he was holding—but was he plowing the right field? had he a right here? No one would question that. But that he should lose his courage, which never before forsook him!

He rapped. The little divinity opened, herself—and she blushed at once, deeply as she had never done before, and she would have hidden at once—but she had sense and presence of mind. Why blush? She had seen him often—but never at this threshold. She knew not that she had ever talked with him; yes, he had often spoken to her, as he had to all—for all had more or less felt his influence, which was synonymous with his acquaintance, so eloquent was this man—in his form, in his actions, in his words. His tone was born music, his thoughts harmonized, and his eye spoke all: goodness was at the centre, radiating the man.

This personage—this ideal of all human excellence, untouched by vanity, presented himself, but with no fascination now, to the awestruck girl—for, somehow she divined what was passing. Even less susceptibility in the sex would have done that.

The flower shrunk and fell back, the huge form following—following into the humble abode. The child walked slowly on into the interior, with the neatest and best fitting of gowns on her dainty limbs and form, as matchless as his own. But a glance, in his career of life, had seen this—and he would not forget. Here was perfection, unknown in the neighborhood where it existed, and yet which it illuminated. The blush was unusual; it had gone now, as though blood had never been

there to warm those pale limbs—now after all, he thought, as pretty as the bloom. He knew not but the snow was the daintiest—the silver as desirable as the gold—of the dandelion. But here was no dandelion, plump in the meadow. Here was the delicate hare-bell, and here must be solian music and tenderness.

A few minutes have passed, and the form is seen stooping as it issues from the door, the petite thing at his arm. What a predicament! he sees it himself—and she perhaps also. Such is human feeling; such is our nature. And yet she was eighteen, and early grown.

He lifts her into the high phaeton; he is getting to be himself; and she—she is thrilled, and half startled; half embarrassed, blushing again, the blushes perceptibly moving—coming and going. They start, Morgan shaking his head in doubt, but soon feeling the rein of his master, he knew his business, and with a good-natured tractability he went along. The man was a load, a power where he was; but the horse was a greater; and he made the wheels of the vehicle spin, as he lifted them almost from the ground.

And now this giant in intellect, in social power and physique, this Phaeton, was Allan Meredith once more—and more than that, he had wherewithal to stimulate him—the very stimulant that he craved—a human, floral companionship, the human prevailing, though apparently the floral—as neat and as flowery as any flower.

Of course such a power soon made her at ease; not that he had learned the trade—he had not learned it, never thought of it. Butterflies, and the music of their wings, had never entered his head. He was accustomed to greater thoughts, though he had a genius for the little also; and now he shone forth. Here was companionship such as he had never known before, so deeply had the higher offices absorbed him. But he felt it, more refreshing than the morning—of a piece with it, and its chief attraction—tenderness, delicacy, and a yearning on his part towards the tenderness that sat by his side—not in pride at such favor, but in sweet humility, receiving—and shining in return—reflecting her beauty, the floral attraction that was there, at his side.

So they rode on gaily, yet soberly, the great and the little, the powerful steed true to his duty. She admired him, the mettlesome steed, as her eyes plainly told—eyes brown and clear, like some precious stone. He liked their hue; he liked to look into their depths—which he did rarely, enjoying it the more for this rareness, for she was a true human divinity—all about her was rare. The little hand was so delicate, he was frightened when, that morning, he almost lost it in his. A mere flake. So was her foot—her neck. But the hair was heavy, and brown like the eye, of which it seemed to claim relationship.

She soon entered with him into the spirit of the scene—she was led there unwittingly by him. How she delighted to follow—in such fresh paths—new to him also, for he had never prosecuted discovery much in this way. It was a virgin scene they traveled in their conversation, virgin with her because the paths were unexpected and new, though she had been studying nature her whole little lifetime. But here were mountains of thought and labyrinths of mystery, through all of which he was the shining light, and led her safely and delightfully.

As they reached the eminence of the gradually-rising ground, a scene opened, a view presented itself, that was surprising to even our Apollo, who almost forgot, for the moment, his phaeton and the occupant at his side. It was a new road to him. Was he then so little acquainted with the country?—a man who, above all, loved nature. The truth is, he never saw nature so charming as on that day, including the little bit of nature at his side.

The ground now descended strongly; and further down was the river, but hidden by shrubbery, in some places showing the peculiar bend caused by the river's flow. Otherwise, there was the sweetest and densest of river scenery. The wind came from this river ground, and brought up the water smell; also of the heavy flowers, that still threw out their fragrance in the humid river air. The breeze,

too, was fresher. On the right and the left were heavy woods of spruce and hemlock, with now and then a balsam, growing the denser as they neared the river, which was not broad enough to be seen, and hence hidden. From these depths, now and then, a waft of sweetness came up, which the spruce is known to send forth. It was like the odor of a buckwheat field, only sweeter—intrinsically so. Now and then the roar of the rapids to the left was heard. There the dark water—dark as the trees—was rushing down.

Allan Meredith became eloquent over this scene—and Eva in supplying what he had not known—for she was familiar with the scenery, the eloquent naiad, that owned it in her mental deed. "And are there trout here?" he asked. "Ay! fine, nimble fellows," she said, showing the interest she manifested in trout fishing. He, in his former days, had been a perfect Walton with the rod. He had attempted such things the week before, and, "Whoa!" he stopped his horse. "He believed he had his tackle in his wagon." His rod, his line, and his flies, were all there. "Would she see him fish?" he asked, as he pulled out the paraphernalia, holding it up in his hands, and directing his eye toward her. "She liked it dearly; she could not see how any one could help not liking trout fishing. And perhaps she has even caught them herself," he thought; "but no, she is too little. I am the king of men at trout catching."

They drove gaily to the river, and round the bend into the wood where the water played and foamed. This foam made the eye of the angler dance. Here was interest, a new sensation. The water was dark, with the iron tinge of the distant woods—and "he knew there were trout here;" when she explained the thing to him, and gave him the name of the stream—which he knew.

The horse was tied, and they proceeded down the declivity by a foot-path that led to the "Pool," a broad sheet of water at the bottom of the rapids.

"Here they are," she said, "if you can catch them. They are very difficult to take. One is a success; two or three are quite a prize, for they all are large, some so large that they always break away from the tackle."

This brightened our angler's ideas and lit up his eye. Anticipation was all aglow.

She took a seat near by where he stood, and that commanded a fair view of the whole scene. The shade was dense; and there was a slight humidity in the air, so as to cool it and make breathing delightful. There was the water smell, and the slight breath of the rapids, and the odor from evergreens mixing and moving around. The sun also, by a subdued light, lit up the whole scene, so that the smallest thing was distinctly visible.

A rise! a slight break of the water, with a slow, curling motion! His eye had caught it the instant the water was settling to its level. And instantly he turned toward his companion. She smiled—she had also seen it.

Another rise! the water was swayed heavily, not broken. "That was made by a heavy fin," he said; and now he proceeded to cast his fly.

"What flies do you use," she asked. "A gray hackle; it makes a contrast. Besides, I think it preferable at this point of the season." And he looked for her answer; but she said nothing—only nodded assent.

It was a long distance, thirty, forty, feet, to reach the place where the trout had broken the water. He must touch the spot. The fly was swung clear, and the cast made. It dropped short by many feet.

The air has more current than I expected," he spoke in explanation. The line was now wet; he had calculated the current, and the next cast was made. Lightly it sailed over the pool, reaching the exact spot, a slight eddy, dotted with foam. There was no rise. Another cast; still no rise. And thus the pool was whipped and played upon, but no draught from its waters. Another fly was selected—a black hackle this time; but with the same success. There were no more rises, either to natural or artificial flies. "Try the brown hackle," was ventured at last by the nymph at his side. Perhaps she was thinking of her tresses or her eyes—brown seemed a favorite color; and per-



haps he thought so too. He would compliment her with the brown fly. He cast it; still no rise; again, and again, with the same result.—“Try the eddy,” she further ventured. It was a long stretch; but he reached it, pat! in the centre. A movement! the water is broken, slowly and heavily. The line tightens; the rod bends beautifully. It is a hero of the pool, and he struggles manfully. This is no boy's sport; no boy could have hooked him. The thing was beautifully done; and now there is a fine tumult. The trout leads on, now swift, now sweeping, and doubling. The line is taut, and the pole tends to the strain.

“It is a fine trout,” the angler spoke with satisfaction.

“They are all large,” answers the divinity.

“This one is unusually so; but the steel is true; the barb will not yield.”

He played his fish for a long time. Our lady began to be restless, doubtful. She had long ere this, found herself at his side, and was sharing his interest. He would have offered her the rod; but this was the king of the pool, and would not do to be trifled with.

At last he begins to lag—and is landed—a three-pounder, in excellent condition, swarthy back and sides and blood-red dots. “So fine a trout he had never seen.”

“And now we will return, if you please, and I will do the farther devoirs to this fellow.—You did not know that I presided over the culinary department, in the piscatory line, especially the trout branch,” went the eager tones and the eager eyes of his companion. This was the culminating point of the morning.

They return, satisfied with the prize, satisfied with the recreation—in short, satisfied with each other.

Allen Meredith has now a new sensation.—He has found out that he had experienced but one-half of life's enjoyment—and that the other half is being filled (strange paradox!) by so small an object—fearless, too—a real divinity, divining all his thoughts, and sharing them too.

So much for a day's adventure—but particularly a fine morning. RAPHAEL.

#### THE EFFECT OF A MASONIC SIGN.

We received a call yesterday from Mr. Geo. B. Sittler, a member of the Fifth Iowa Infantry, who is just from rebeldom, having been a prisoner—ostensibly—ever since the 27th of May, 1864. He is on his way to Independence, near which place he owns a farm.

Mr. Sittler has been more fortunate in rebel prison experience than most of the Union soldiers who have fallen into rebel clutches. One day, last Autumn, a rebel Major entered the prison, at Meridian, Mississippi. As he passed Mr. Sittler, he gave a Masonic sign. Mr. Sittler replied to it, and in half an hour afterwards he was out of the pen. The Major took him to his quarters, provided for his board, clothed him respectfully, supplied him with greenbacks, and kept him from that day until he was declared exchanged, and sent to Vicksburg for transportation to Iowa.

To how many of our brave men in Southern prisons Masonic signs have brought relief, will never be known. But that thousands have been benefitted by the silent evidence of a “band of brotherhood,” there is no doubt.—[*Dubuque Times*.]

While a young widow is weeping over the memory of her husband, she may fish up a successor in the dark stream of her tears.

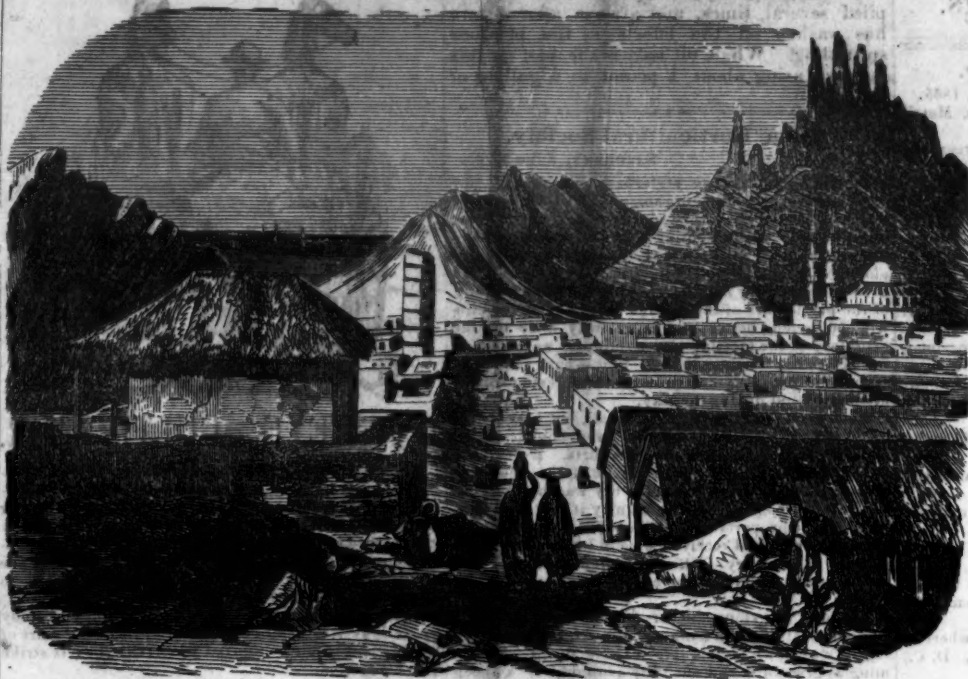
A Yankee doctor has contrived to extract from sausages a powerful tonic which, he says, contains the whole strength of the “bark.” He calls it “sulphate of canine.”

A prominent bachelor politician on the Kennebec remarked to a lady that soapstone was excellent to keep the feet warm in bed. “Yes,” said the young lady who had been an attentive listener, “but some gentlemen have an improvement on that which you know nothing about.” The bachelor turned pale and maintained a wistful silence.

Smoke, raining into the house, and a talking wife, make a man run out of doors.

“Will you keep your eye on my horse, my son, while I step in and get a drink?” “Yes, sir,” (stranger gets his drink and comes out.) “Where is my horse, boy?” “He's run'n'd away, sir.” “Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you scamp?” “No, sir, you told me to keep an eye on him, and I did till he got clean out of sight.”

#### AN ORIENTAL SCENE.



In the illustration here given is represented the manner in which houses were built in the Eastern countries.

We see here the flat roofs, with the opening in the centre, whereby they could ascend or descend from the court or yard and roof.

It was the custom of the Jews to go out to their house-tops to pray. We have instances mentioned in the Bible of people going up to their house-tops.—See Mark ii: 4. Acts x: 9.

This town in the picture seems to be surrounded by hills. So was Jerusalem the chief city of the Jews. David says: “As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people.”

An hour's industry will do more to produce cheerfulness, suppress the evil humors, and retrieve our affairs, than a month's moaning.

Go slowly to the entertainments of thy friends, but quickly to their misfortunes.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

#### A WORLD'S HISTORY.

A few days ago a traveling agent offered to me for sale, a history of the world. It was a simple, quite an ordinary act; and how lightly did I see the book handled; how small the interest it appeared to excite in the circle, of half a dozen persons, present. Yet they were intelligent men—and who can tell what each one thought?—for this was, really, not a thing of small importance—this history of the doings and sayings, the thoughts, feelings, impulses, intrigues, hates, fears, loves and experiences of a world: not of one generation, but of all the generations that have existed on this planet since time began. If a title deed to a few acres of land, a bill of sale of a horse, a note of hand for a few dollars, is a thing of interest to a reasonable man—a world's sins, sorrows, hopes, joys and fortunes—thereise, progress and downfall of nations—is not of trivial import.

How vividly we recall incidents of patient toil and endurance, bitter scorn and hate, haughty pride and vain presumption. What striking contrasts loom up from the pages of the half-forgotten past. Here, poor, down-trodden serfs; there, mighty conquerors, now dust and ashes—their fame, the breath of fools; the bounds of their empires faintly remembered. What lessons it contains to a generation that is passing away, which, in a few years, will be a thing of the past, its members tenants of the grave. Looking back, in the light of human wisdom alone, we behold only a scene of death and desolation, where the pride and glory of manhood and the beauty of womanhood is become sunken and contemptible. Yet, viewed in the light of Divine testimony, this scene of death softens into a mere shading of the grand picture of life, or resembles the momentary shadow thrown upon the person in passing out through the dark porch of some old cathedral into the glorious light of the summer sun.

By many channels, for nearly six thousand years, men have sought happiness; sought by various methods to establish themselves in power, in riches, in honor, by falsehood, by cunning, by blood. Where are they now? Powerless; paupers, in contempt; they are where the beggar or the convict can crack his joke over their tomb, or “with his heel spurn the dust that was once a Caesar.”

“Ah! but one grand event stands forth alone, sublime and full of glory. While cold, stern, selfish man pursues his narrow minded, heartless course; while woman, vain and giddy, seeks an ephemeral homage. One, humble and unassuming, presents himself to die that man may live. That, laying hold on him by faith, each may be lifted up from the degradation into which humanity is plunged. From being slaves to vanity, to be made free, that they may be able, henceforth to serve God. Millions will accept the terms, and, procuring deliverance from the bondage of sin, will rejoice in the power, and the riches, and the honor, which shall know no end and no abatement in time or eternity.

#### What Words to Use in Writing.

Not the plain ones, as is often enjoined; neither the opposite. Simplicity of style is very pleasing, because, like nature it is simple. But, we are not to have a style for its beauty—for its simplicity; we are to have it for the thought it conveys. Style is the mere vehicle, the wagon that carries the grist to the mill. It is the grist and not the wagon, that we are after; the money, and not the purse. A purse looks well even, if ever so shabby, if it is well-filled with money. It is the soul rather than the body that makes the man.

The truth is, a style should be so that the attention is not attracted by it at all; it should be occupied by the thought, the feeling, sentiment, &c., for language has to do with sentiment as well as with thought. Different words are required for passion than for mere fact. We must in all cases be governed by instinct; the feeling, the thought must inspire, must suggest the words—or, in other words, the thing must write itself—flow from the brain to the page. The moment a man hunts for words, that moment he is lost, his style is evaporated.

Some of our friends are found studying style—Addison's, Irving's, Macaulay's. It is well enough to read these authors, and become impressed with the use of their language, for they are pure English writers; besides, a man must read so as to familiarize himself with words, with language. This is better than studying all your dictionaries. But to study the peculiarity of any man's style, with the view of imbibing it, is simply nonsense. It is like dressing in the clothes of the man, wearing his particular hat and shoes.

A writer (or talker either) must have his own style, that is, he must write as his thought dictates the utterance. “Ah! but this is too much of a man! it is too common, too homespun!” Ah, but! that is just what is wanted; that is just what Addison did, and Macaulay did, and Charles Lamb did. That is the aroma of their life; that is what makes them the writers they are. Had they studied models, they would not have been what they now are. “Give thyself;” that is the secret in all literature, and in all conversation. If you do not, then you dissemble. Avoid models; study the best writers, and become familiar with our English tongue; think, and then express yourself in your own way, as you would in conversation.

A young minister, in a highly elaborate sermon, which he preached, said several times, “The commentators do not agree with me here.” Next morning a poor woman came to see him, with something in her apron. She said her husband had heard his sermon, and thought it was a very fine one, and as he said “the common taters did not agree with him,” he had sent some of the very best kidneys.

What is this world? “A dream within a dream—as we grow older each step has an inward awakening. The youth awakes—and he thinks from childhood; the full grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary; the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Is death the last sleep? No—it is the last final awakening.—[Sir Walter Scott.]

#### DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

**LOIN OF VEAL.**—This is best larded. Have every joint thoroughly cut and between each one lay a slice of salt pork; roast a fine brown, and so that the upper side of the pork will be crisp; baste often; season with pepper; the pork will make it sufficiently salt.

**FRESH MACKEREL.**—This is a spring luxury. Purchased in the city they are already cleaned, and require only to be rolled in a clean cloth, put in cold water, and cooked for five minutes after coming to a boil; serve with parsley sauce made with a tablespoonful of flour mixed smooth with cold milk, and a piece of butter the size of a small egg; garnish with green parsley and eat with stewed gooseberries.

**CUSTARD PIES.**—Very nice custard pies are made with two eggs and two large tablespoonfuls of corn starch to a quart of milk; sweeten and spice to taste; add also salt; the corn starch should be mixed smooth with milk and eggs beaten up in it, then thin out with more milk; sweeten, season, pour into pans lined with paste, and grate nutmeg over the top.

**APPLE CUSTARD PIES.**—Grate, or stew to a pulp, twelve large apples; to this add a teaspoonful of salt, sugar, nutmeg, three eggs, well beaten, a pint of cream or milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter, the grated rind of two lemons and the juice of one; pour the mixture into plates lined with rich paste, and arrange strips in a net work over the top; bake a light brown, and sift over them powdered sugar.

**RICE WAFFLES.**—Take a large coffee-cup of well boiled rice, stir in two eggs and a large tablespoonful of corn starch; add a teaspoonful of salt, a quart of milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter and “self-raising” flour enough to make a thick batter. If the flour is not self-raising, put in a teaspoonful cream of tartar and half of soda. See that your waffle-irons are well heated and greased.

**TO MAKE INK FOR MARKING LINEN WITH TYPE.**—Dissolve one part of asphaltum, in four parts of oil of turpentine, add lampblack or black lead in fine powder, in sufficient quantity to render of proper consistency to print with type.

**TO MAKE PATENT CEMENT.**—Lime, clay, and oxide of iron separately calcined and reduced to a fine powder, are to be intimately mixed. Keep it close, and when used mix with a little water. It will make cracks in wood water-tight, etc.

**SIMPLE MODE OF PURIFYING WATER.**—A tablespoonful of powdered alum, sprinkled into a hoghead of water, and stirred, will in the course of a few hours precipitate to the bottom all the impure particles and leave the water as clean and pure as spring water. Four gallons would need but a teaspoonful.

**SUMMER SOURS.**—Physiological research has fully established the fact that acid promotes the separation of the bile from the blood, which is then passed from the system, thus preventing fevers, the prevailing diseases of summer. All fevers are bilious, that is, the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic to fever, is cooling. It is a common saying that fruits are cooling, and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood, that is, aids in purifying the blood. Hence, the great yearnings for greens and lettuce and salads in the early spring, these being eaten with vinegar; hence, also, the taste for something sour for lemonade, on an attack of fever. But this being the case, it is easy to nullify the good effects of fruits and berries in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even sweet milk or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is almost impossible to eat too many, to eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever. Hence, also, buttermilk or even common sour milk, is antagonistic. The Greeks and Turks are passionately fond of sour milk. The shepherds use rennet and the milk dealers alum, to make it sour the sooner. Buttermilk acts like watermelons on the system.



## Horticultural Meetings.

## Alton Horticultural Society.

FRIDAY, April 6, 1865.

Society met at the residence of Mr. Chas. Morri-  
man and organized at 11 o'clock.

The following reports of blooming of trees was  
made:

APRICOTS.—W. C. Flagg, April 2; Dr. Hull, March  
30; H. G. McPike, April 1.  
PEACHES.—Hull, April 3; Flagg, April 3; Curtiss,  
April 3; McPike, April 2; Long, April 4.  
CHERRIES.—Hull, April 4; Starr, April 4.  
PLUMS.—Hull, April 6; Starr, April 6.  
PRUNES.—Hull, April 7.

Mr. Curtiss reported hearing frogs March 7. Dr.  
Hull, thought it a mistake, they were lizards.

The Fruit Committee reported very fine specimen  
of Newtown Pippin, from W. C. Flagg. The Com-  
mittee on vegetables reported the Miller and Neshan-  
nock potatoes as probably the best for early use; the  
former much the earliest.

The Committee on Pruning—Dr. Long—said many  
apple trees died from overbearing last year: Prune  
your trees and you get good fruit; neglect it and you  
fail.

Mr. Day read a paper on cotton which we omit for  
want of space.

The Secretary was requested to obtain a copy of  
"Harris' Insects."

On motion of Mr. Starr, it was resolved that as  
a portion of proceedings hereafter, questions and  
answers may be introduced in writing.

The Secretary presented 34 varieties of Strawberries  
from the Agricultural Bureau, Washington, D. C.,  
which were distributed to members.

Dinner being announced a bountiful supply of good  
things were found prepared with much taste and skill;  
among which we noticed especially some beautiful  
and delicious peaches put up and prepared by Miss  
Burgess. While the Society at its last meeting did  
not all see the delicious qualities of the weed so ear-  
nestly portrayed by friend Johnson, some imagined they  
could see that the combined Committees seemed to  
have a rapacious capacity for delicious peaches, and  
others observed that it required a less degree of  
amiability under present circumstances, than under  
the spouting process referred to by Mr. Johnson in his  
pleasant article on tobacco, to produce good natured  
wives. It is feared by some friends that the special  
pleading referred to for compassion and the tender  
mercies of the ladies, like his weed will end in smoke,  
or at least in his chewing something more than  
words.

But to the peaches. The Fruit Committee present-  
ed the following report.

Your Committee respectfully report their manner  
of canning peaches.

Make a thin syrup of white or light sugar, put the  
peaches either whole or cut, into a porcelain kettle  
and cover with syrup. When they come to the boil-  
ing point fill the cans and set them on the stove for  
a few moments, as the cold cans reduces the tempera-  
ture. Just before sealing set off the cans, and put in  
a teaspoon, this aids the escape of air. Seal up  
immediately and keep in a cool place.

MISS FANNY BURGESS,

For Committee.

The peaches on the table to-day were the Heath.  
The Committee on flowers presented the following:  
Your Committee respectfully report that, through the  
kindness of Mr. F. Starr, they find on the table the  
following flowers:

Foraythia Viridissima.  
Spiraea Prunifolia.  
Pyrus Japonica.  
Flowering Peach.  
Pink, white and Blue Hyacinth.

Also a specimen of black Moss, from Louisiana,  
brought by Mr. J. Copley. This is a parasitical  
plant, and if thrown over a small tree, will in this  
latitude continue to grow during the summer, but  
heavy frosts destroy it. It is the moss used in filling  
mattresses.

Mrs. Dr. HULL.

Mr. McPike distributed roots and cuttings of  
White grape.

All reports show a good prospect for fruit.

On motion a committee consisting of Dr. Hull, J. E.  
Starr, D. E. Brown and E. Holister, were appointed to  
see the Superintendent of Transportation of Railroads  
at Alton and Chicago, in regard to shipping peaches  
and other fruits.

Dr. Hull offered the following:

Questions offered to the Society, by Dr. Hull, and  
answered:

Please state the reason why evergreen trees of north-  
ern latitudes often fail to grow when removed to some  
warmer climate?

Answer.—Our bright sun and dry atmosphere de-  
prives the foliage of vitality by drying up its juices.  
Why is it that evergreen trees which lose their  
foliage are unable to push new leaves?

Ans.—All plants hold in store nutriment with which  
to commence growth. On the evergreen this nutriment  
is stored in the leaves, and when they are destroyed  
the plant contains nothing out of which new leaves  
can be formed.

A committee to establish a full and proper sized half  
bushel box for fruit, was appointed—D. E. Brown,  
F. Curtiss, and Messrs. Hull, Riehl and Johnson.

On motion a landscape, garden and shade tree com-  
mittee, consist of Dr. Hull, Mr. President, Mr. Burton  
and H. G. McPike.

Mr. Day was requested to investigate the line or  
locality known as Peach Meridian, near Upper Alton,  
and report.

Mr. Riehl was requested to have made a suitable  
black-board for the Society.

The June meeting will be held at Mr. Riehl's on the  
river, at the mouth of Plaza Creek, 6 miles above  
Alton.

H. G. McPike.

A GOOD REMEDY AGAINST INSECTS.—We  
found it next to impossible last year to protect  
the young cantelope vines, against the persis-  
tent attacks of the black gnat and the striped  
bug. Young radishes planted close around the  
hill, upon which repeated applications of ashes  
in the morning when the dew was on, strong  
aloea water, &c., had little or no effect. Even-  
tually, soap-suds was applied, which seemed to  
do the business, both in driving them away

and in keeping them away. It should be ap-  
plied several times, and always after a rain  
has washed off the effects of the previous  
sprinkling. Whale oil soap is the best for this  
purpose, using about 1 pound to 4 gallons of  
water.

## Alton Horticultural Society.

SATURDAY, June 3, '65.

It was our privilege yesterday to meet with this  
useful and very social organization, at Mr. Riehl's,  
which is located on a very elevated and picturesque  
point of the bluff, presenting a most fascinating and  
more extensive view than that obtained by Moses of  
olden time, from Mount Pisgah.

But it is not our intention at this time to give any  
of the particulars of the doings of the Society—this  
will be much better and more fully done by the  
Secretary of the meeting whose minutes we expect to  
lay before our readers in due time—but simply to  
speak of a few of the most prominent impressions made  
upon our mind during the day.

About ten o'clock there was a small, but very select  
party left the city, on board the ferry boat, for Mr.  
Riehl's place and all intermediate points. Everything  
passed off quietly and pleasantly until the boat was  
about opposite Clifton, when the cry was made that a  
hat was overboard. On due inquiry it was ascertain-  
ed to be the property of a gallant and brave officer of  
the army, who had received a wound in defense of the  
cause of his country. This being the case, we all at  
once became interested in efforts to obtain the lost  
prize.

The boat was stopped—her engine reversed, and a  
sudden effort made to flank the hat, which was mak-  
ing its way down stream like a thing of life—swim-  
ming as gracefully and smoothly as though it had been  
modelled for that mode of locomotion. Our craft  
finally succeeded in outflanking it, but before we  
reached it, friend Sterrett, of Clifton—who had start-  
ed out on a scouting expedition in a skiff, with the  
same object in view—surprised and brought it in tri-  
umph to the noble officer, who received it with grati-  
tude and head uncovered, in honor of the author of  
the noble and daring exploit, amid shouts and cheers  
of all the passengers.

Nothing further of interest occurred, until we made  
a safe landing at our place of destination. A few  
rods from the shore, on our way to the house, we en-  
tered a large strawberry patch, in which there were  
some ten or a dozen women and girls engaged in  
picking berries. But the sun was too warm to stop  
long to witness this operation. On entering the  
house, we were all most cordially received by Mrs.  
Riehl, and welcomed to the hospitality of the house,  
with all the ease and politeness for which the French  
of the olden time are noted.

On entering the room, we found a large number of  
the members of the Society present, and waiting for  
our party to arrive. On the table, there was a great  
many varieties of strawberry, cherry, gooseberry, &c.  
being much the finest it was ever our privilege to  
look upon. Particularly some strawberries raised by  
our whole-souled and kind-hearted host, and some  
cherries from Dr. Hull's orchard. These fruits, how-  
ever, will be more particularly referred to in the pro-  
ceedings of the meeting.

After a short time spent in social converse, we were  
all invited to partake of a dinner, which, for variety,  
richness, and deliciousness, cannot be surpassed in  
any other country except this, and cannot be equaled  
in this, outside the limits of this Horticultural As-  
sociation. We will not speak particularly of this re-  
past, further than to say it consisted of everything  
that was good and wholesome, with the addition of  
strawberries and cream.

After dinner was over, the Society transacted its  
usual business. The members talked of strawberries,  
cherries, gooseberries, apples, pears, grape vines, &c.;  
top and root pruning, soils, sub-soils, &c.; fruit com-  
mittees, award committees, &c.

This organization is made up of highly intelligent  
and practical gentlemen and ladies, and the meetings  
are generally well attended, and prove both interest-  
ing and profitable to all those who attend.

At 5 P.M., the different parties left for their respec-  
tive homes, highly delighted with the day's exercises.  
Our party were all safely landed in Alton about 6  
o'clock in the evening. This was our first attendance  
at these meetings, but we hope it will not be our last.

## PROFITS OF FRUIT GROWING.

Looking carefully into the matter of the profit  
realized from all descriptions of fruit growing,  
and running over only two or three authorities  
on the subject, multitudes of instances are to  
be found where extraordinary gains are realiz-  
ed without apparent care or skill.

Some years ago, there was an orchard of 76  
May Duke cherry trees, a few miles below  
Philadelphia, the daily sales from which dur-  
ing the seasons amounted to \$80. A single  
Washington plum tree in a city garden, has  
been known to yield six bushels of fruit—\$10  
per bushel. A vineyard, some sixteen miles  
from Philadelphia, occupying  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an acre,  
has produced \$200, when the grapes sold only  
for eight cents a pound, or at the rate of \$100  
per acre. A single Catawba vine, in the same  
neighborhood, has produced ten bushels, worth  
\$40 at market prices.

No matter what fruit is examined, the same  
results are found to occur. A row of common  
gooseberries, a hundred yards long, have realiz-  
ed \$40. Two superior apricot trees have pro-  
duced \$100 worth of fruit in a season. There  
are Onondaga pear trees in New Jersey Gardens  
which yield fruit every season, to net their  
owners \$30 per tree.

## BAROMETERS &amp; THERMOMETERS.

I wish to announce to my friends and the readers  
of the "World" in particular, that I have just receiv-  
ed a lot of the above-named instruments. A barom-  
eter is an indispensable article in every household,  
especially to the farmer, as it indicates the exact change  
in weather—and if he only knew the usefulness of the  
instrument, he would not hesitate to pay a small sum  
for an article that will save hundreds of dollars.  
Price, from \$10 to \$25. No. 114 Market St.,  
1y\*30 JACOB BLATTNER, OPTICIAN.



## HAWKEYE CULTIVATOR.

The above cut represents a back view of this favor-  
ite machine, now acknowledged to be without a super-  
ior, and wherever brought in competition with other  
cultivators it has taken the preference.

The Hawkeye excels other cultivators in its opera-  
tion on side hills, in the fact that the depth of the  
plows is altered instantly to accommodate them to  
uneven surfaces, such as dead furrows.

It is also preferable to any other in stumpy or stony  
ground, as it is arranged so that no material part of  
the cultivator can be injured when the shovels strike  
an obstruction.

A pair of adjustable shields is furnished with each  
machine.

Its simplicity, strength, and the ease with which it  
is managed, will commend it to all.

Farmers in want of a cultivator, are requested to  
compare its merits with others before purchasing.  
Send for circulars.

BLUNDEN, KOENIG &amp; CO.,

No. 56 North Second St., Saint Louis, Mo.

RICHARD C. LUDLOW,

Manufacturer of

WIRE CLOTH, WIRE GOODS, AND

WIRE FOR FENCING,

AND BALING HAY AND HEMP,

59 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.

[apl-ly]

## Turnip Seed by mail.

J. M. THORBURN & CO. 15 JOHN ST.,  
NEW YORK,

Offer their pure and selected Stocks of Turnip Seed by  
mail, postage prepaid at the following rates:

Early White Dutch,	oz.	10 cts.	lb.	\$1
German Teltow,	"	20 "	"	2
Red Top Strap Leaf,	"	10 "	"	1
English White Globe,	"	10 "	"	75c.
English White Norfolk,	"	10 "	"	75c.
Long White French,	"	10 "	"	1
Long White Tankard,	"	10 "	"	1
Yellow Stone,	"	10 "	"	1
Golden Ball, extra fine,	"	10 "	"	1
Yellow Aberdeen,	"	10 "	"	1
Yellow Finland,	"	20 "	"	2 50
Dale's Hybrid,	"	10 "	"	75c.
Improved Ruta Baga,	"	10 "	"	1
Skirving's "	"	10 "	"	1
Laing's "	"	10 "	"	1

Trade Price List of the above for dealers just publish-  
ed. Also, PURE LONG ORANGE CARROT SEED  
—can be sown in this latitude up to the first of July  
15 cts. per oz.; \$1.50 per lb.

J. M. THORBURN &amp; CO., 15 John St., New York.

June—St

## CLIMAX

## ADJUSTABLE

## SUGAR MILLS!

SKINNER'S PATENT—DEC. 10th, 1863.

We are manufacturing the above valuable Sugar  
Mills for this season. The manufacturers last year  
being unable to fill their orders for the States of Wis-  
consin and Illinois alone.

A TREATISE ON THE CULTIVATION OF  
SORGHUM,

Sent free on application to

Kingsland, Alter &amp; Clark,

Cor. 2d and Carr Sts., St. Louis, Mo.

[jel5-51]

## RURAL WORLD

SINGLE COPY, Six Months, \$1.00

" " One Year, 2.00

FOUR COPIES, " 6.00

And one copy free to every person sending a  
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B. BRYAN, PUBLISHER. Missouri.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

\$2 per square of 10 lines or an  
inch in depth, cash in advance.

## PURE BERKSHIRE PIGS FOR SALE,

At Ten Dollars each, by E. A. RIEHL,  
jel5-2t Alton, Ill.

## NOTICES BY THE PRESS,

Of Colman's Rural World.

The Advertiser, Brownsville, Nebraska, says:

The want of a western agricultural paper has long  
been felt, "Colman's Rural World" fills the bill com-  
pletely, and should receive the support of all West-  
ern Farmers.

The True Flag, Louisiana, Mo., says:

"Colman's Rural World," is the name of a semi-  
monthly paper, of which Norman J. Colman, an old  
and experienced farmer is Editor. If the copy before  
us is a fair sample, it will richly repay any one who  
desires a reliable agricultural journal.

The Freeman, Webster City, Iowa, says:

"The Rural World" deservedly ranks above all  
other Journals of its class in the West, and will be  
found to be a valuable assistant to farmers through-  
out the North-west.

The Prairie City Advocate, Litchfield, Ill., says:

"The Rural World and Valley Farmer, is a valu-  
able Journal for farmers. It is filled with good read-  
ing matter.

## COMMERCIAL.

## ST. LOUIS WHOLESALE MARKET.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10th, 1865.

TOBACCO—The qualities offered this morning  
were generally low, and prices of such favored buyers.  
Sales 11 hds green lugs at \$3.30@4.00; 1 hhd fac-  
tory \$5.90; 2 hds planters' \$6.70@7; 7 hds com-  
mon leaf \$8.90@13; 5 hds medium shipping \$13.75  
@14.75; 2 hds common manufacturing \$18.25 to  
\$20.25; 2 hds medium \$28.25@30; 4 hds good and  
fine from \$36 to 55 @ 100 lbs.

HEMP—Inferior and common undressed from  
\$105@118; fair and good \$120@125; prime and  
strictly prime \$130@140; choice \$145@150; strictly  
choice \$155@160; dressed \$220@230; uncovered  
hackled tow \$107@110; covered do \$112 per ton.

COTTON—The only sales to-day were 24 bales  
middlings and strict middling at 33c, and 20 do mid-  
dling at 31c per lb.

FLOUR—Spring wheat, fine and super \$4@4.75;  
spring extras \$5@5.75; fall super \$5.25@5.50; fall  
single extra \$6.10@6.15; double extra \$6.75@8 and  
choice family \$8@9.

WHEAT—Sales 146 sks choice at \$1 45; 2,181 do  
prime and strictly prime at \$1.35; 1,900 do good and  
prime at \$1 30@1 31; 89 bbls and 66 sks poor fall at  
\$1 15.

CORN—Sales 50 sks white at 87c; 50 do mixed  
white at 78c; 900 do choice yellow and mixed at 75c;  
457 do do at 73c; 1000 do do at 72c; 590 do do at 70c;  
and 201 do not prime at 65c.

OATS—Market steady and firm, with sales of 108  
sks at 52c; 3,500 do prime, in various lots, at 50c, and  
96 do in second-hand sacks at 45c.

BARLEY AND RYE—We quote spring barley nomi-  
nal at 50@55c; rye at 50c.

HIDES—9, 7 and 5c for flint, dry salted and green  
salted.

POTATOES—Mixed in sacks at 80@90c per bush;  
Neshannocks and Peach Blows at \$1@1 20.

HAY—Sales 500 bales tight-pressed and 60 do  
loose pressed Timothy, at \$2; and 150 do loose-  
pressed do at \$28. Upland prairie \$21 ton.

BUTTER AND CHEESE—Fresh Western 18@20c;  
Ohio 22@25c. New cheese 17@18c. Sales 5 jars  
Western butter at 20c.

WHITE BEANS—Good and choice \$1 50@1 75.  
Inferior and common 25c@31c bush.

DRIED FRUIT—Common to choice apples \$1@  
1 25 bush.

EGGS—16@18c, with a fair supply.

WOOL—31@36c for unwashed; 45@48c for fleece  
washed, and 60@64c for tub washed. Sales of 1 pkg  
tub washed at 62c; two do fleece washed at 40c; 2 do  
unwashed at 36c, and 36 do do at 35c @ lb.

FEATHERS—40@45c for prime, and 25@30c for  
mixed.

GROCERIES—Rio coffee 31@32c for fair and  
prime, and 32@33c for choice. Louisiana sugar is  
worth in first hands from 13 to 16c, Muscovado 14,  
Porto Rico 16 to 17. Hanna's New Orleans syrup 90c  
for bbls and \$1 for kegs. New York syrups 60@65c;  
Muscovado re-boiled molasses 50@60c. Rice in sks  
12c; choice Carolina in bbls at 15c.

## LIVE STOCK.

BEEF CATTLE—No animation in the market—  
Broadway Yards sales 147 head including the follow-  
ing lots: 21 head weighing 22,350 lbs at 40c @ lb gross;  
34 do yearlings \$13 @ head; 41 do beef cattle, weigh-  
ing 35,310 lbs at 4c gross; 24 do weighing 22,660 lbs  
at 4c gross. The rest were sold by retail from 3c to  
6c gross.

HOGS—Market quite dull, there being no shipping  
demand, and but a slight consumptive demand. We  
quote from 5@8c gross, according to quality.

SHEEP—\$2 50@5 00 @ head.

MILCH COWS—\$25@50 for common to prime, \$60  
@80 for extra.

HORSES AND MULES—The Government sales  
of condemned horses and mules, attracted to the city  
quite a number of farmers and others, and the prices  
at these sales ruled pretty well up for the quality of  
the stock. The Government sales caused business at  
the other auction marts to be very dull in the early  
part of the week; but the high prices at the Govern-  
ment sales, caused a good many buyers to look fur-  
ther, and business became quite good at the stables  
and auction marts before the close of the week. Jno.  
Finn & Co., sold at their establishment 165 head of  
stock, by auction, including a few common mules,  
but mostly common to fair horses, at prices ranging  
from \$20 to \$150. Ten fine horses were sold at \$25  
each; a pair of nice horses for the road at \$700 per  
pair, and a trotting horse at \$750.



## MO. AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE &amp; SEED STORE

BARNUM, FENNER &amp; CO.,

No. 26 South Main Street, Saint Louis, Mo., Opposite Merchants' Exchange.  
Between Market and Walnut Sts.

[SIGN OF THE GOLDEN YOKE.]

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES,  
Also, Garden, Grass and Field Seeds.

## CHAMPION SELF HANDRAKING

Reapers and Mowers and Single Mowers.

The latest improved of the celebrated Ohio machines.

Those wishing to purchase a harvester, are requested to call and examine this acknowledged CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

BUCKEYE GRAIN DRILLS,

With grass seed sower attachment (the leading drill by universal consent).

BUCKEYE CIDER MILL,

Simple, durable and effective.

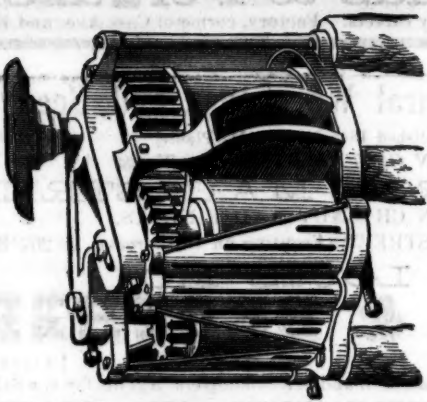
Buckeye Sulky Corn Plow.

Agents for Celebrated Victor Sorghum Mills,

Manufactured by the Clark Sorgho Machine Co. Also

COOK'S SUGAR EVAPORATORS.

3,000 IN USE. ALL FULLY WARRANTED.

Boils a running stream.  
Syrup is led over cooling surfaces.  
Has transverse currents. Furnishes different degrees of heat, &c. &c.THE  
VICTOR MILL

Has lapped gearing—flanged master roll—diagonal braces—oil tight boxes—movable sweep cap—adjustable false plate—cleaning scrapers, &amp;c.

THE

## Nonpareil Washing Machines with Universal Wringer.

Threshers, Horse Powers, Cotton Gins, Sulky and Revolving Hay Rakes, Plows, Cutting Boxes, &amp;c. &amp;c.

THE SORGHO HAND BOOK very useful to Sorghum Growers, FURNISHED GRATIS.

BARNUM, FENNER &amp; CO.,

NO. 26 SOUTH MAIN ST., SAINT LOUIS, MO.

THE BEST IN AMERICA.



The Railway Horse Power that is unequalled for ease of team, amount of power, and has never failed to take the First Premium over all its competitors wherever tested. The Combined Thresher and Cleaner, that cleans equal to any fanning mill, fit for mill or market.

THRESHERS, SEPARATORS, FANNING MILLS, WOOD SAWS, SEED SOWERS, PLANTERS, &amp;c.

All of the best in market. For Price and Description, send for Circular, and satisfy yourself before purchasing. Send in your order early, as we are governed by "first come, first served."

R. & M. HARDER,  
Cobleskill, Schoharie Co. N. Y.

## BASS BARK.

We can furnish Bass Bark prepared for Budding, of excellent quality, at the rate of 30 cents per lb., or \$25 per 100 lbs. Cash orders solicited.

THOMAS & HERNDEN,  
Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

## EXCELSIOR SALE AND LIVERY STABLE.

EIGHTH ST. BETWEEN LOCUST AND SAINT CHARLES STS., SAINT LOUIS, MO.

The undersigned would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have thoroughly refitted and furnished the above stable, for the purpose of doing a livery and sale business. Possessing a thorough knowledge of the business and unsurpassed facilities, we feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to all who may send us their horses for sale. We keep also a good supply of CARRIAGES and BUGGIES on hand, suitable for the country trade.  
PORTER & CO.

## DR. WHITTIER,

Longer located in St. Louis than any other Chronic Disease Physician. Office 65 St. Charles St., one square south of Lindell Hotel, Saint Louis. All Chronic, Virulent and Special Diseases treated. Hours, 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. Confidential consultation free of charge. Call at office and receive Theory of Disease free. Communications by mail promptly answered. My Theory of all such diseases sent free for two 3 cent stamps. [apply]

## WESTERN NURSERIES, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The proprietor offers for sale, at wholesale or retail, a large assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, of most all kinds, and are of the best selected fruit for the West, consisting of Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Quince, Grapes, &amp;c., and all Small Fruits. Packing and shipping done in the best of order. Address the Proprietor, 223 Locust St. Saint Louis, Mo. [mar16] STEPHEN PARTRIDGE.

## PRICES

REDUCED

THE JOHN H.

MANNY!

Improved

REAPER &amp; MOWER

This machine, made at

Rockford, Ills.,

Is especially adapted to the wants of the

FARMERS OF THE WEST.

As a Combined Reaper &amp; Mower,

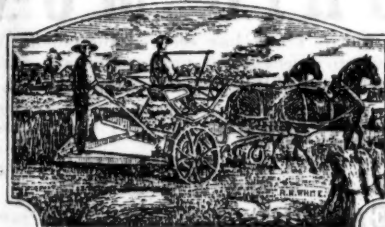
It has enjoyed an excellent reputation for years; yet it has progressed in improvements till the

Improved Jno. H. Manny

At this time so far exceeds that made several years ago, that the farmer acquainted only with the old machine, must see and witness the work of the new Improved John H. Manny to fully realize its superiority. A

## SELF-RAKE

Has been added to the machine, which works with a steady motion, free of jerks, requiring less power to operate it than that of any other rake. It is controlled by the driver who regulates the size of the bundles. Price \$225, freight to be added.

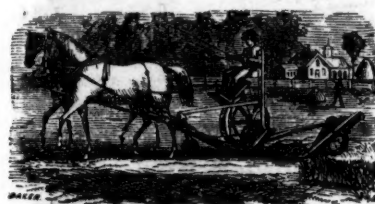


## THE HAND RAKE

Is unsurpassed by any other machine in point of work—and it is considered an easy job to fork the grain off the machine. Prices \$175 or \$185, freight to be added.

The John H. Manny Self-Rake and Hand Rake,

Are both combined machines, and will mow as well as reap.

The late improvements consist in part as follows:  
Two sizes bevel gearing.  
Enlarged drive and grain wheels.  
Adjustable seat for driver.  
Adjustable support and spring seat for forker.  
Iron cutter bar and new guard.  
Balance wheel, new pitman, hollow wrist pin.  
Wide boxes for journals.  
New arrangement of lever.  
Double shive for reel.  
Patent adjustable gathering divider.

Notwithstanding that the

## MOWER

OF THE IMPROVED JOHN H. MANNY COMBINED MACHINE,

Is in every respect sufficient for cutting all kinds of grass, a separate and distinct

John H. Manny Mower,

Is made, to keep pace with the requirements of the farmers. Price, \$125, freight to be added.

## BURSON'S GRAIN BINDER,

Can be had with the John H. Manny Machine. Farmers be sure that you get the JOHN H. MANNY REAPER &amp; MOWER. If you wish to get a machine that will surely cut your grain and grass.

Send for a pamphlet and further particulars.

W. P. PENN,

Agent,  
No. 15 Vine Street, between Main and Second,  
ST. LOUIS, MO.P. M. PINCKARD,  
STATIONER, PRINTER & BOOKBINDER,

Nos. 78 and 80 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Invites the attention of Booksellers, Country Merchants, School Teachers and others, to his full and complete stock of SCHOOL BOOKS, WRITING PAPERS, BLANK BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, MASONIC BOOKS AND BLANKS, FAMILY BIBLES, STANDARD PUBLICATIONS, RELIGIOUS AND MISCELLANEOUS, SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, PRAYER BOOKS, &amp;c.

I have for sale

Sorgho or the Northern Sugar Plant,  
By Isaac A. Hedges, 12 mo. cloth. Price, sent by mail, 75 cents.

County Offices supplied with Blank Books and Stationery, at reasonable rates. Blank Books of any required pattern made to order, at short notice. BOOK AND JOB PRINTING of every description neatly executed.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention and will be filled at as low figures as if the purchaser were present. Address orders to

P. M. PINCKARD,  
Nos. 78 and 80 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo.THE CELEBRATED  
Craig Microscope

Combines instruction with amusement, and lasts a lifetime. The best, simplest, cheapest and most powerful microscope in the world. Gotten up on an entirely new principle. A beautiful gift to old or young. Magnifies nearly 10,000 times—a power equal to complicated twenty dollar microscopes. The only instrument which requires no focal adjustment, therefore can be used by every one—even by children.—Adapted to the family circle as well as scientific use. Shows the adulterations in food, animals in water, globules in blood and other fluids, tubular structure of hair, claws on a fly's foot, and in fact there is no end to the number of objects which can be examined in it. Liberal discount at wholesale. Agents wanted everywhere. Send for circulars. Price only \$2.50; beautiful mounted objects \$1.50 per dozen.

The Pocket Novelty Microscope, companion to the Craig, represented in the above cut, for examining living insects, seeds, cloth, skin, wool, bank bills, flowers, leaves, &amp;c. &amp;c. is a compact and handy instrument. Price only \$2.

Also, the new and beautiful folding Bellevue Stereoscope, which magnifies pictures large and life-like. Price \$3. Choice Stereoscopic Views \$3 per dozen. Any of the above instruments will be sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address, N. WOLCOTT, P. O. box 1035, Chicago, Ill. 4t-june1

R. S. King. B. M. Million.

## KING &amp; MILLION,

Agents for the sale of

## Missouri and Illinois Lands,

No. 39 Pine st., first door east of Third, St. Louis, Mo.

Will attend to the

Payment of Taxes for Non-resident Land Owners. Commission Reasonable.

For sale—MISSOURI &amp; ILLINOIS LAND, improved and unimproved, in quantities to suit purchasers.

GEO. HUSMANN. C. C. MANWARING.

## HERMANN NURSERY.

HUSMANN & MANWARING, Proprietors,  
HERMANN, MO.

Having much increased our business, we take pleasure in calling the attention of our friends, and the public generally, to our large and complete assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs comprising the choicest varieties of Apples, Pears, standard and dwarf; Cherries, standard and dwarf; Peaches, Plums, Apricots, Almonds, Quinces, Grapes, Currants, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Blackberries, Shade and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Evergreens, Vines and Creepers, Roses, Dahlias, and other Plants, Scions of Fruit Trees, Cuttings and Seedlings of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &amp;c.

Most of the varieties were tested here, and have proved successful in our soil and climate, and all are warranted true to name.

We would call the special attention of Grape Growers to our large assortment of native hardy grapes, comprising over sixty of the choicest varieties, which we have spared no pains nor cost to procure from the most reliable sources. Many of them have been tested here, and all will be tested in the open vineyard, and we shall recommend none until we have found them successful. This we may now confidently do with Norton's Virginia, Herbesmont, Missouri and Concord, they having been tested beyond a doubt. Descriptive Catalogues sent gratis to all applicants. Orders directed to us personally or to our local agents, will be promptly and carefully filled.

HUSMANN & MANWARING.  
Hermann, Sept. 1859.

## DRAIN TILE.

I am erecting an extensive TILE and PIPE Works at 16th Street and Pacific Railroad, only 2 squares west of 14th Street Depot, and expect to be able to furnish Drain Tile of my own make in April or May, manufactured upon the most approved machines, and at the following rates at the factory:

Size, 1 1/2 inch bore,	Price per 1000 feet.	
2 "	\$15	all irreg-
3 "	20	ulars
4 "	40	double
5 "	60	price of
6 "	80	straight
	120	pipe.

And until I am able to supply the demand at my own factory, I will receive and fill orders for any sized Tile at 10 per cent. above Joliet prices, and cost of transportation and breakages—they having appointed me sole agent for their works, in St. Louis.

Address, H. M. THOMPSON,  
Office in rear of Post Office, Box 3459.  
[mar1-8t]



TO FARMERS OF THE WEST!

THE BEST TWO-WHEEL MACHINE INVENTED!



## BALL'S OHIO MOWER AND REAPER. FARMERS OF THE WEST,

This justly celebrated machine, resting on its own merits alone, has secured the popularity which it now enjoys. Unrivalled in the field, faultless in construction, uniting strength, durability and efficiency, it has deservedly won the reputation of THE BEST TWO-WHEELED MACHINE INVENTED!

**AS A MOWER,  
IT DEFIES COMPETITION!  
AND AS A REAPER,  
IT STANDS WITHOUT AN EQUAL.**

The advantages of Purchasing  
**A MACHINE MADE IN ST. LOUIS,**  
Should not be overlooked. Send in your orders early. For particulars and prices send for Circulars.

**Kingslands & Ferguson,**  
Office, corner of Second and Cherry Streets. Factory, corner of Cass Ave. and Eleventh Sts.

GET THE BEST.  
**THE BUCKEYE,**  
THE LEADING MACHINE OF ALL  
**REAPERS & MOWERS.**



The success of the  
**BUCKEYE IS WITHOUT PARALLEL,**

And has caused a perfect REVOLUTION in the manufacture of this class of machinery. Over 40,000 of them are in use in various parts of the United States. It is almost noiseless in operation; works well on any ground, side hills, marshes, or in any grass. It was the first machine that successfully mowed the salt meadows of the East, the marshes in Michigan, and the "Hog Wallow" Prairie in Texas. It is handled with such ease, that, in stumpy land and in orchards, it can be handled like a cart. IT HAS THE CUTTER BAR IN FRONT, giving the driver full view of his knives, and keeping him out of danger in case of runaway teams, so as not to come in contact with the knives, which is the case by all machines having the cutter bar behind. Come and see this great Machine, or send for a catalogue. In addition to the above we offer our customers, the

**BUCKEYE HORSE HAY RAKE,**  
The Hawkeye Corn Cultivator.

See description in advertisement on page 94.  
**BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO., Sole Agents,**

No. 56 North Second Street, St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,  
[Established 1845, by Wm. M. Plant.]

**SIGN OF THE GILT PLOW.**

**NO. 25 NORTH MAIN STREET,**  
BETWEEN CHESNUT AND PINESTS.

Also, No. 203 NORTH FOURTH STREET (Fronting on two streets), & 204 BROADWAY,

**ST. LOUIS MO.**

**PLANT & BROTHER,**

WM. M. PLANT.]

[ALFRED PLANT.]

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in and Manufacturers' Agents for the Sale of

**AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES,**

Leather and Rubber Belting, Hose, Steam Packing.

**HOWE'S STANDARD SCALES.**

**PEARCE'S PLANTATION COTTON SPINNERS.**

**WOOL CARDING MACHINES, COACH SCREWS, STORE TRUCKS;  
CISTERN, DEEP WELL, ENGINE AND CHAIN PUMPS; &c.**

Krauser's Improved Portable Cider Mill and Press.

**SUGAR CANE MILLS & JUICE EVAPORATORS.**

Cotton Gins, Hand and Power Corn Shellers.

Smith's Patent-Cast Cast-Steel Plow.

Deere's Moline and Tobey & Anderson's Peoria steel Plows.

**Staffords' 2-horse Sulky Cultivator,**

Sucker State 2-horse sulky Cultivator.

**Selby's double check row CORN PLANTER.**

McGaffey's double check row or drill Corn Planter. Brown's Ills. double check row Corn Planter

Kirby's American Iron Reaper and Mower.

Hubbard's 2-wheel hinge-bar Mower.

Sulky and Revolving Horse Hay Rakes.

Palmer's Excelsior Horse Hay Hoisting Fork.

Palmer's Revolving Hay Stacking Machine.

Also, a full supply of Warranted Fresh and Genuine  
**GARDEN, GRASS & OTHER SEEDS, growth of 1864.**

All of which we offer at the lowest possible CASH PRICES.  
Call and get Illustrated Catalogue furnished Gratis.

St. Louis, Mo., May, 1865.

**PLANT & BRO.**